

ACTION

A dynamic illustration of a rocket launch. Two large rockets with blue bodies and red warheads are ascending diagonally against a bright yellow background. In the foreground, two men are seated in a green, mechanical-looking control vehicle. The man on the left wears a flight helmet and goggles, while the man on the right has a beard and is also wearing goggles. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century pulp magazine covers.

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No.9 One Shilling

**CRIME OF
THE CENTURY!
ROCKETS WITH
NUCLEAR WARHEADS
ARE HI-JACKED!**

ATOM PIRATES

MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the heat of battle

THE armed trawler, Lady Shirley, was on patrol when she sighted an enemy U-Boat on the surface. The submarine immediately dived and the Lady Shirley attacked with depth charges. The charges forced the submarine to the surface and the trawler engaged the enemy with its four-inch gun and two machine guns. Bullets from the



machine guns kept the enemy away from their own four-inch gun and such was the intensity of fire which the Lady Shirley's crew laid down that the enemy were forced to surrender. The Commander of the trawler, Lieutenant-Commander A. M. Callaway, received the D.S.O. for the manner in which he attacked and sank a larger and better-equipped enemy vessel.

ATOM PIRATES

ONE OF THE DOUBTFUL ACHIEVEMENTS OF MODERN SCIENCE IS THAT IT IS NOW POSSIBLE FOR MAN TO DELIVER SUDDEN DEATH TO THOUSANDS OF HIS FELLOW CREATURES AT A TOUCH OF A BUTTON...



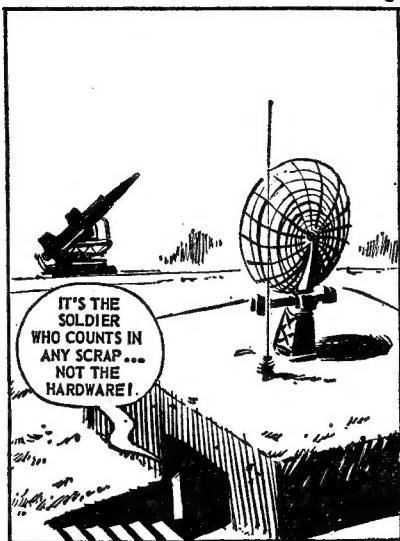
... AND IF THE WRONG FINGER IS ON THAT BUTTON, THEN THE CONSEQUENCES COULD BE TERRIBLE INDEED!

STEPHEN MADDEN WAS LIKE MOST SCIENTISTS, A LITTLE FRIGHTENED HIMSELF OF THE POWERS HE AND HIS FELLOWS HAD UNLEASHED ...



SERGEANT GORDON SABRE
SHORTED CONTEMPTUOUSLY...





THE ARMY WAS NOT SENDING SUCH A DANGEROUS CARGO OVERSEAS WITHOUT AN ESCORT.

COME ON...
COME ON!
ON THE DOUBLE
THERE!

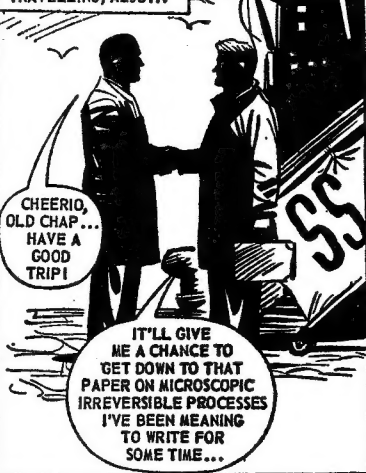


TO SERGEANT SABRE AND TWENTY TOUGH SOLDIERS WAS ENTRUSTED THE TASK OF DELIVERING THE ROCKETS SAFELY TO A DISTANT OUTPOST OF BRITAIN'S DEFENCES.

LEF'
RIGH',
LEF',
RIGH'...



STEPHEN MADDEN, A SCIENTIST WHO KNEW ROCKETS FROM TAIL FIN TO NOSE CONE, WAS TRAVELLING, ALSO...



THE LOADING OF S.S. CAMBRIAN WAS COMPLETED. SHE SAILED WITH THE MORNING TIDE...



THERE WAS NO RELAXATION FOR THE MEN OF SERGEANT SABRE'S SMALL FORCE, HOWEVER.



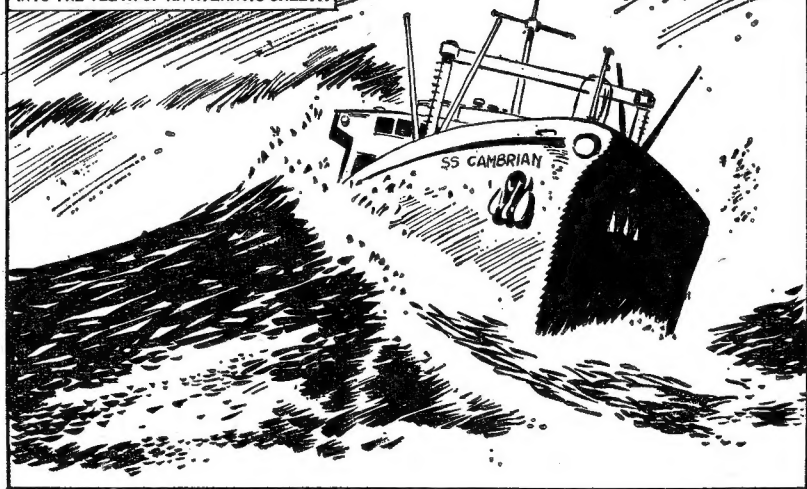
BUT NO POWER OF THE INTELLECT COULD PREVENT THE SCIENTIST FROM FEELING THE EFFECTS OF THE ROUGH SEAS.



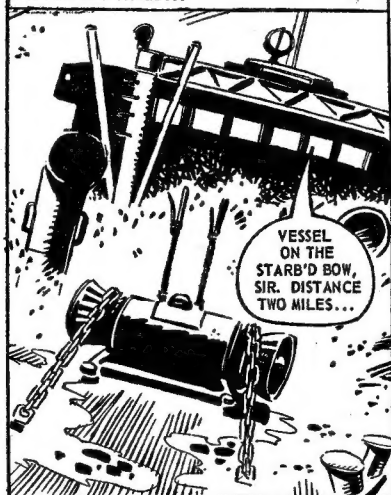
THE HEARTY APPETITE OF THE BURLY SOLDIER WAS THE LAST STRAW.



THE S.S. CAMBRIAN WAS SOON STEAMING INTO THE TEETH OF AN ATLANTIC GALE...



WITH HATCHES BATTENED DOWN, SHE PITCHED,
ROLLED AND YAWED...



ONLY A DARK BLUR IN A SEETHING WORLD OF
SPRAY AND RAIN... BUT AN ALERT LOOKOUT
HAD SEEN IT.



CAMBRIAN'S CAPTAIN FROWNED...



LABOURING ROUND, THE FREIGHTER SLOWLY CLOSED THE GAP BETWEEN HER AND THE VESSEL IN DISTRESS...



A TRANSFER IN SUCH SEAS WAS GOING TO BE DANGEROUS, BUT THE REQUEST COULD NOT BE DENIED.

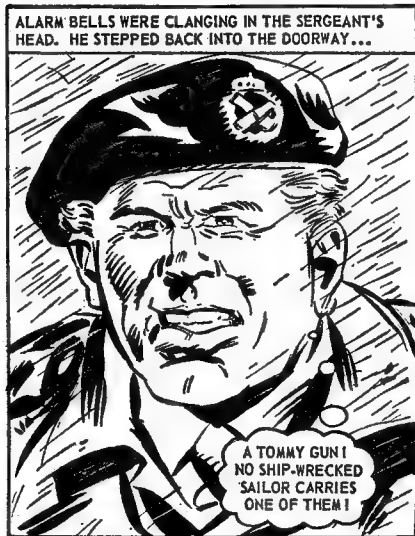


WITH OIL DAMPENING THE WAVES, TWO BOATS PACKED WITH MEN CREPT
ACROSS THE COMPARATIVELY CALM STRETCH OF WATER BETWEEN THE SHIPS.



BULKY IN THEIR OILSKINS, THE MEN FROM THE TRAMP
TEAMER BEGAN TO CLAMBER AWKWARDLY UP THE NETS...





HE DIVED DOWN THE CORRIDOR TO WHERE HIS MEN WERE QUARTERED.



A DISTANT BURST OF TOMMY GUN FIRE DID MORE THAN THE SERGEANT'S WORDS TO GALVANISE THEM INTO MOVEMENT.





THE SERGEANT WAS TOO EXPERIENCED A SOLDIER TO
GO CHARGING INTO THE SITUATION WITHOUT A RECCE...



THE RED-BEADED GIANT GAVE A HARSH LAUGH...



THE WEATHERBEATEN FACE OF THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN PALED...



BY NOW, SERGEANT SABRE AND HIS MEN WERE IN POSITION...



FOR A MOMENT, THEY STOOD THERE... A FROZEN TABLEAU. AND THEN REDBEARD GAVE A ROAR...

NOT
LIKELY...
HERE...



THE HELPLESS CAPTAIN WAS SHOVED VIOLENTLY BY THE PIRATE'S BRAWNY ARMS...

AAAAAGH!

HECK...!



IN AN INSTANT, THE TABLEAU DISSOLVED INTO FRANTIC MOVEMENT...



NOW THE SUDDEN STUTTER OF GUNFIRE AND THE SHRILL WHINE OF RICOCHETS MINGLED WITH THE ROAR OF WIND AND SEA.



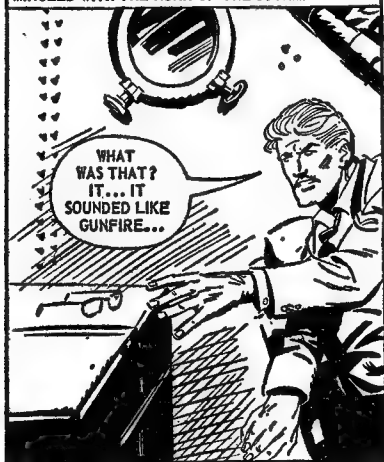
THE BURLY SERGEANT GRINNED TIGHTLY...



GORDON SABRE WAS ENJOYING HIMSELF IN HIS OWN SORT OF WAY, THIS WAS ACTION... THE SORT OF THING HE WAS TRAINED FOR... AND LIVED FOR...



BETWEEN DECKS, STEPHEN MADDEN HAD BEEN LYING IN HIS PRIVATE WORLD OF SEASICK MISERY. VAGUELY AWARE OF STRANGE SOUNDS THAT MINGLED WITH THE ROAR OF THE STORM.



THE KEEN MIND OF THE SCIENTIST WAS SUDDENLY WIDE AWAKE AND OPERATING AT FULL EFFICIENCY.



HE STUMBLED ALONG THE SWAYING CORRIDOR WHICH LED TO THE SPECIAL HOLD WHERE THE MISSILES WERE STORED ON VOYAGE...



WITH FUMBLING FINGERS HE TURNED THE KEY IN THE LOCK AND THEN ENTERED THE HOLD...

I'LL NEED
A CROWBAR OR
SOMETHING TO
BREAK OPEN THE
CASES...



IT WAS TOUGH WORK FOR A MAN LIKE THE SCIENTIST, BUT HE EVENTUALLY MANAGED TO GET ONE CRATE OPEN...

THE TRIGGER
MECHANISM... ALL
I CAN DO IS MAKE SURE
IT CAN NEVER BE
USED TO FIRE THE ROCKETS.
I DAREN'T TAKE A CHANCE
ON WHETHER THE
ARMY CAN HANDLE THE
TROUBLE, WHATEVER
IT IS...



THE ARMY, IN THE BRAWNY SHAPE OF SERGEANT SABRE, WAS QUITE CONFIDENT OF ITS ABILITY TO HANDLE ANY TROUBLE...

WE'VE GOT THEM NICELY PINNED DOWN... RIGHT? I WANT YOU MEN TO KEEP THEM THAT WAY... WHILE I JOIN UP WITH CORPORAL BENSON AND TAKE THE RATS FROM THE REAR.

HOW THE HECK ARE Y'GOING TO DO THAT, SARGE?

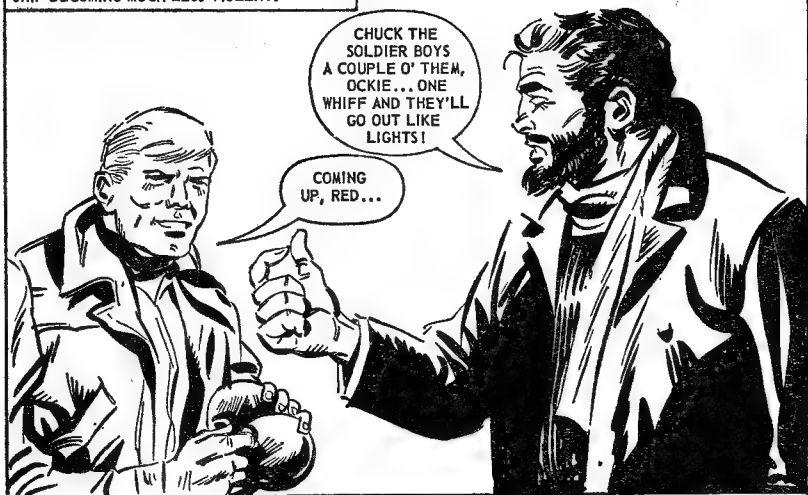


THE SERGEANT'S MOVEMENTS WERE SEEN FROM A WING OF THE BRIDGE...

RED... I JUST SAW ONE O' THE SOLDIERS DUCK BELOW.

OH, DID HE NOW? WE CAN'T HAVE THAT! BREAK OUT THOSE NERVE GAS GRENADES, OCKIE! THE WIND'S DROPPED A BIT...

THE STORM WAS ABATING, THE MOTION OF THE SHIP BECOMING MUCH LESS VIOLENT.



THE SOLDIERS SERGEANT SABRE HAD LEFT BEHIND ON DECK SUDDENLY SPOTTED THE BOMBS FALLING TOWARDS THEM...



BUT THERE WAS NO BLINDING FLASH, NO EAR-SPLITTING CRACK. INSTEAD...

WHAT THE...?
THEY WEREN'T
GRENADES!

WHAT'S
THAT COMING
OUT OF
THEM?

BEFORE PANIC
COULD SPUR
THEM INTO
MOVEMENT, THE
GAS STRUCK...

URGH!

CORPORAL BENSON AND HIS SQUAD BECAME THE
TARGETS FOR TWO MORE NERVE GAS GRENADES...

THAT'S
IT, OCKIE
BOY... POLISH
THE REST
OF THEM
OFF!



THE SERGEANT'S BLOOD WAS UP ... AND THE SIGHT OF THE SCIENTIST
"MEDDLING" WITH THE ROCKETS SENT IT BOILING OVER...



BUT IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN WORDS TO STOP THE ENRAGED SERGEANT...





REDBEARD HAD QUIETLY SIDLED TO ONE SIDE, AND FROM THERE, HE TOOK CAREFUL AIM...



THE PISTOL BARKED... AND THE SERGEANT WENT DOWN...



THE MAN CALLED "OCKIE" GRINNED...



OCKIE HASTILY WITHDREW THE SUGGESTION...



STEPHEN MADDEN WAS DRAGGED ON DECK TO RECOVER... AND CAME TO IN TIME TO SEE THE SOLDIERS' BODIES BEING FLUNG UN CEREMONIOUSLY INTO THE SEA.



WITH AN INARTICULATE CRY OF PROTEST, HE LEVERED HIMSELF TO HIS FEET.

NO... NO!
YOU CAN'T BE SO
INHUMAN...

THEY'RE
ALL DEAD MEAT,
MISTER! THINK
Y'SELF LUCKY
YOU'RE NOT GOING
OVER WITH 'EM!
CHUCK HIM IN,
MATES!

THE LIMP FORM OF SERGEANT SABRE WAS THE LAST TO BE CONSIGNED TO THE DEEP.



IT VANISHED BENEATH THE WAVES, ONLY TO REAPPEAR, ONE ARM OUTSTRETCHED.



SUDDENLY...



THE HAND FASTENED LIKE A VICE ON THE TRAILING ROPE... AND CLUNG ON, DESPITE THE TURBULENCE IN THE SHIP'S WAKE.



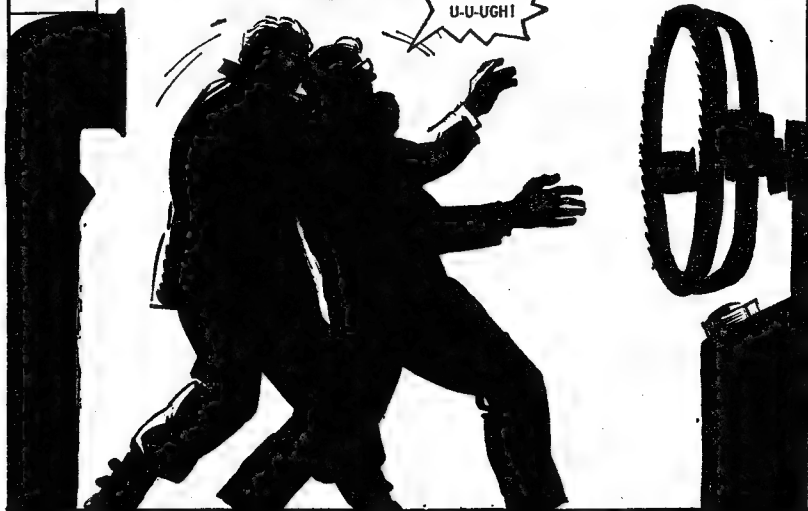


THAT EVENING, STEPHEN MADDEN MISERABLY TRAMPED THE DECK OF THE CAMBRIAN, HIS MIND WRESTLING WITH THE INSOLUBLE PROBLEM...

IF ONLY
THERE WERE SOME
WAY OF GETTING AT
THOSE MISSILES AGAIN!
BUT THEY'VE GOT A GUARD
ON THE DOOR NOW... I
WOULDN'T STAND A
CHANCE...

THEN...

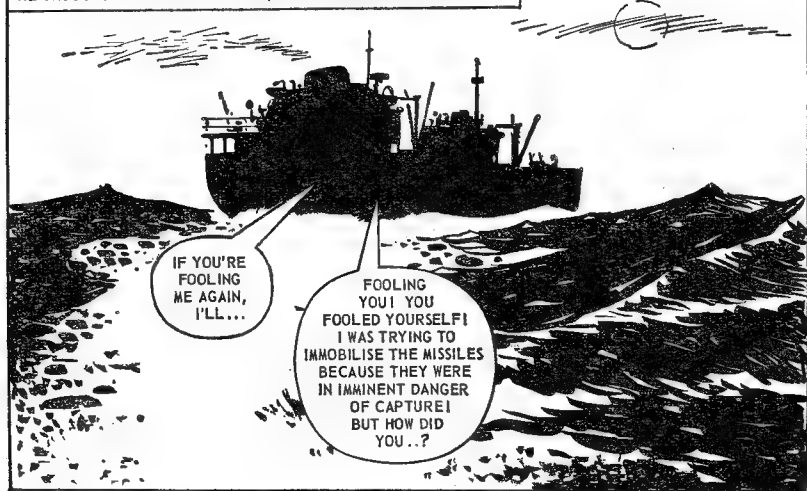
U-U-UGH!



CHOKING AND GASPING FOR BREATH, MADDEN GLIMPSED THE STRIPES ON THE ARM ABOUT HIS THROAT...



TAKEN ABACK BY THIS STRANGELY-MIXED REACTION FROM THE MAN HE THOUGHT AN ENEMY SABOTEUR, SABRE LOOSENEED HIS GRIP...



THE SERGEANT GAVE A TIGHT GRIN THAT WAS MORE LIKE A SNARL...



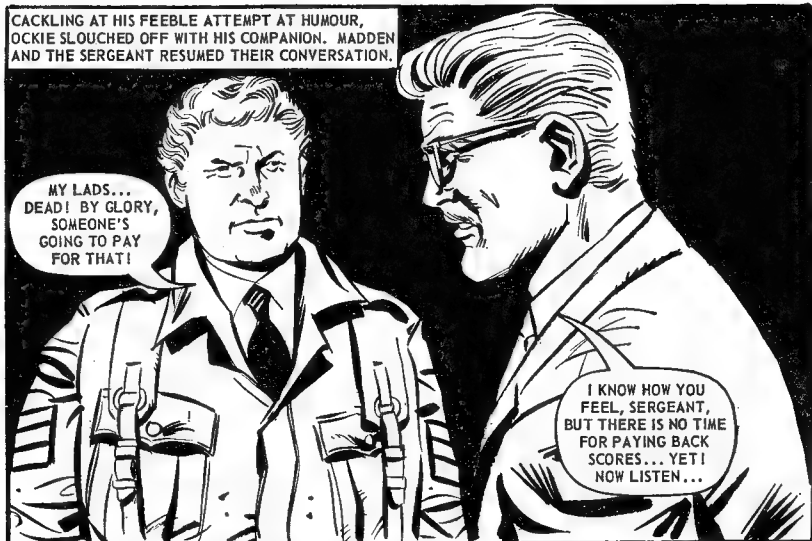
FOR A MOMENT, GORDON SABRE DID NOT SEEM TO TAKE IN WHAT MADDEN HAD SAID...



STEPHEN MADDEN PUSHED THE SHOCKED SERGEANT BEHIND THE VENTILATOR AND LEANED OVER THE RAIL...



CAKCLING AT HIS FEEBLE ATTEMPT AT HUMOUR, OCKIE SLOUCHED OFF WITH HIS COMPANION. MADDEN AND THE SERGEANT RESUMED THEIR CONVERSATION.



HALF AN HOUR LATER...



SUSPICIOUSLY, THE MAN FOLLOWED MADDEN ALONG THE CORRIDOR TO THE NEAREST CORNER.



IN A FEW MOMENTS, THEY WERE INSIDE THE HOLD



SEE THERE... THREE WIRES, RED, BLACK AND YELLOW. DISCONNECT THE RED FIRST, RED, REMEMBER... THEN THE OTHER TWO. UNSCREW AND LIFT OUT THE WHOLE UNIT. THAT UNIT MUST BE DESTROYED!



THE SCIENTIST WAS ABOUT TO UNSCREW THE FIRST OF THE WIRES WHEN THEY BOTH HEARD A LOUD VOICE OUTSIDE THE DOOR. THEY STARED AT EACH OTHER IN DISMAY.



HELL'S BELLS! IT'S THAT RED-BEARDED SWINE! HE'S BOUND TO LOOK IN HERE FOR THE GUARD...

YOU MUST HIDE, SERGEANT... AND FINISH THE JOB ON THE MISSILES WHEN... WHEN THEY'VE TAKEN ME AWAY. NO HEROICS NOW! THE IMMOBILISATION OF THE ROCKETS IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANYTHING... ANYTHING!



SABRE BARELY HAD TIME TO FIND A HIDING-PLACE WHEN THE DOOR OPENED...



SO! MISTER SCIENTIST! WHAT IN DEVIL'S NAME ARE YOU UP TO?

HE'S SABOTAGING THE ROCKETS, RED... THAT'S WHAT HE'S UP TO!

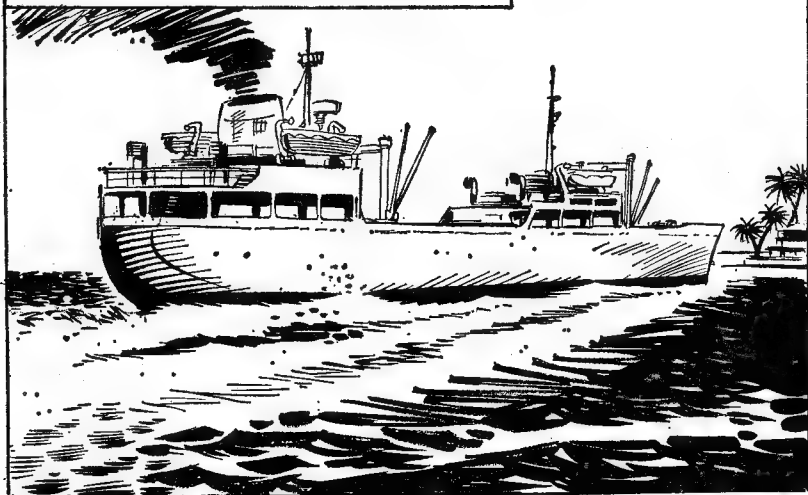
WHAT FOLLOWED NEXT TESTED THE TOUGH SERGEANT'S OBEDIENCE TO ORDERS TO THE LIMIT... AND SICKENED HIM TO THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH...



THE CROOKS DRAGGED STEPHEN MADDEN AND THEIR DEAD GUARD AWAY... AND SABRE WAS LEFT ALONE WITH THE MISSILES.



A WEEK LATER, THE S.S. CAMBRIAN STEAMED INTO THE REBEL-HELD PORT OF CUELO ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST OF MARANGA.



THE HATCH-COVERS WERE REMOVED FROM THE HOLD CONTAINING THE MISSILES...

SO-O-O!
THE MISSILES
ARE IN WORKING
ORDER, ENGLISHMAN?
AND YOU HAVE
THE SCIENTIST WHO
KNOWS OF SUCH
THINGS?

DELIVERED
AS PROMISED,
GENERAL. PAY US
THE TWO MILLION
IN GOLD AS
AGREED... AND THEY'RE
YOURS FOR THE
TAKING!

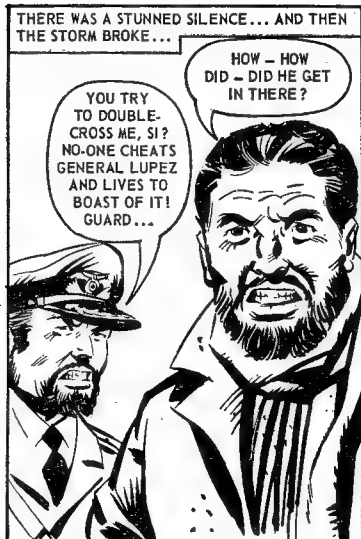


IN THAT MOMENT, REDBEARD'S GREED FOR THE MONEY WAS MATCHED BY GENERAL LUPEZ'S GREED FOR THE MISSILES!



EVERYONE WAS LOOKING VERY PLEASED WITH THEMSELVES... AND THEN SERGEANT SABRE STEPPED INTO VIEW.





RED HAD SEEN WHICH WAY THE BATTLE WAS GOING AND HAD DECIDED TO CUT AND RUN.

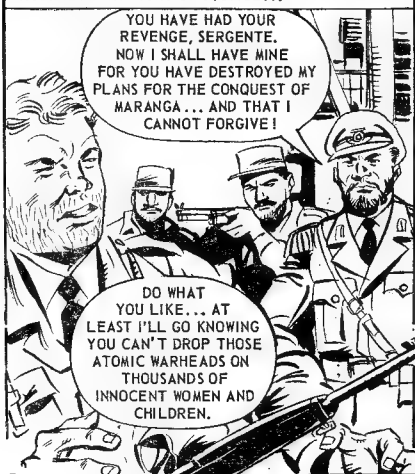


THERE WAS A TERSE INTERRUPTION... AND A STRONG HAND GRABBED ONE OF THE RIFLES.





ROUGH JUSTICE HAD BEEN DEALT TO THE PIRATE LEADER AND ALL HIS MEN, BUT NOW SERGEANT SABRE FACED A SIMILAR SORT OF JUSTICE...

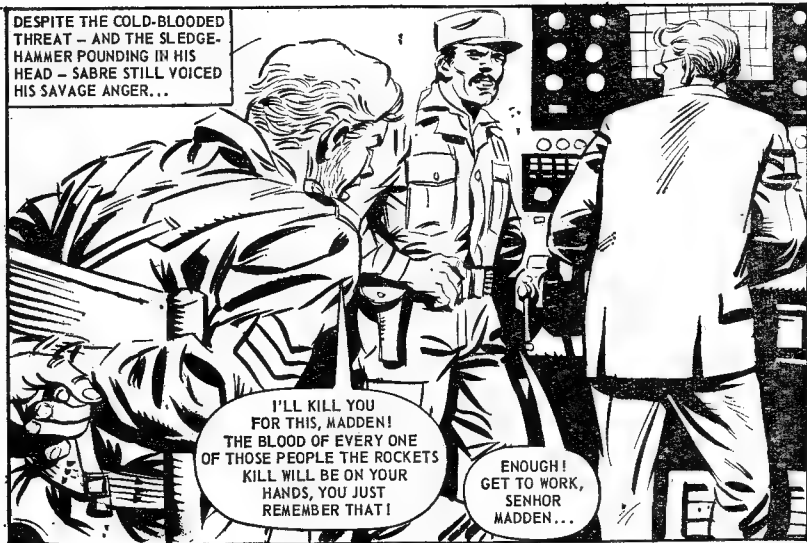


THEY ARE PEASANTS... UNIMPORTANT EXCEPT AS PAWNS IN THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER IN MY COUNTRY... A STRUGGLE I SHALL WIN, OF COURSE. TAKE HIM AWAY AND SHOOT HIM!





DESPITE THE COLD-BLOODED
THREAT — AND THE SLEDGE-
HAMMER POUNDING IN HIS
HEAD — SABRE STILL VOICED
HIS SAVAGE ANGER...



AND UNDER THE HOT GLARE OF THE HELPLESS
SERGEANT, STEPHEN MADDEN GOT TO WORK...



SOME MILES FROM THE PORT OF CUELO, THE REBELS WERE PROUDLY SETTING UP THEIR NEWLY AND ILLEGALLY-ACQUIRED MISSILES.



GENERAL LUPEZ LOOKED AT HIS GLEAMING NEW WEAPONS... AND SAW ONLY THE POWER THEY WERE GOING TO BRING HIM.

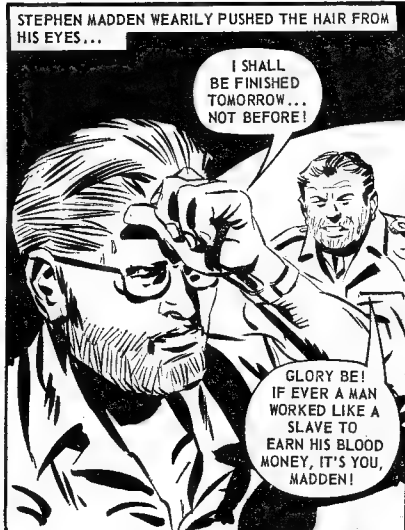


THE REBEL LEADER AND HIS STAFF GATHERED ABOUT THE MAPS OF MARANGA...



THREE CITIES, NOT LARGE BY WESTERN STANDARDS,
BUT TEEMING WITH LIFE... DEFENCELESS LIFE.





NEXT DAY, STEPHEN MADDEN, THE TRIGGER MECHANISMS, AND SERGEANT SABRE WERE TAKEN TO THE FIRING POINT ...

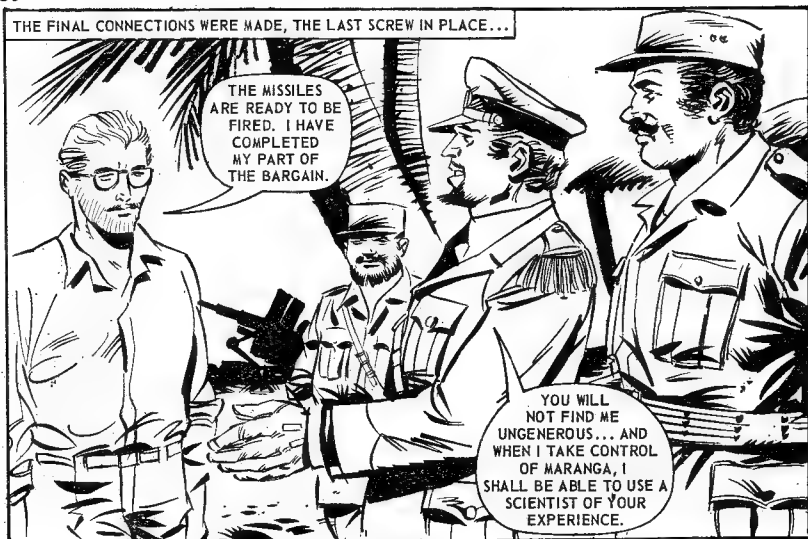


QUICKLY,
QUICKLY... HERE COMES HIS
EXCELLENCY!

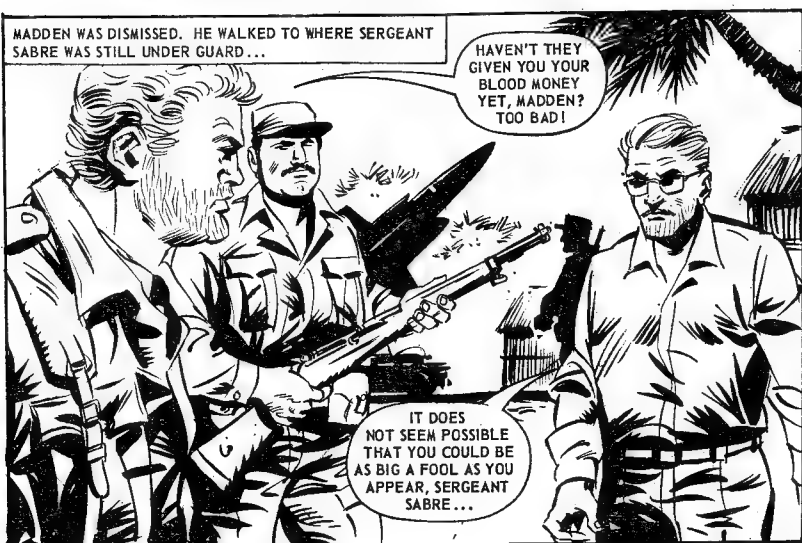
THIS IS A
JOB THAT CANNOT
BE HURRIED. I
DON'T WANT THEM TO
GO OFF AT THE
WRONG TIME.



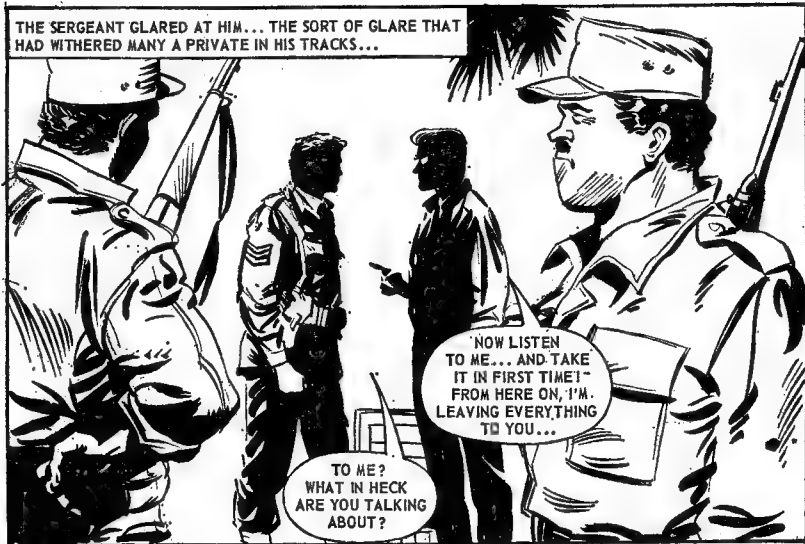
THE FINAL CONNECTIONS WERE MADE, THE LAST SCREW IN PLACE...



MADDEN WAS DISMISSED. HE WALKED TO WHERE SERGEANT SABRE WAS STILL UNDER GUARD...



THE SERGEANT GLARED AT HIM... THE SORT OF GLARE THAT HAD WITHERED MANY A PRIVATE IN HIS TRACKS...



STILL SABRE DID NOT UNDERSTAND... BUT IT SOUNDED AS NEAR AN ORDER AS HE HAD HEARD FOR A LONG TIME...



THE TWO GUARDS DID NO MORE THAN GRUNT WARNINGLY AS THE BRITISH SERGEANT STROLLED UP TO THEM... AND THEN HE SPRANG LIKE A TIGER...



THE BELATED, HALF-UTTERED CRIES OF ALARM WERE SUDDENLY SILENCED...



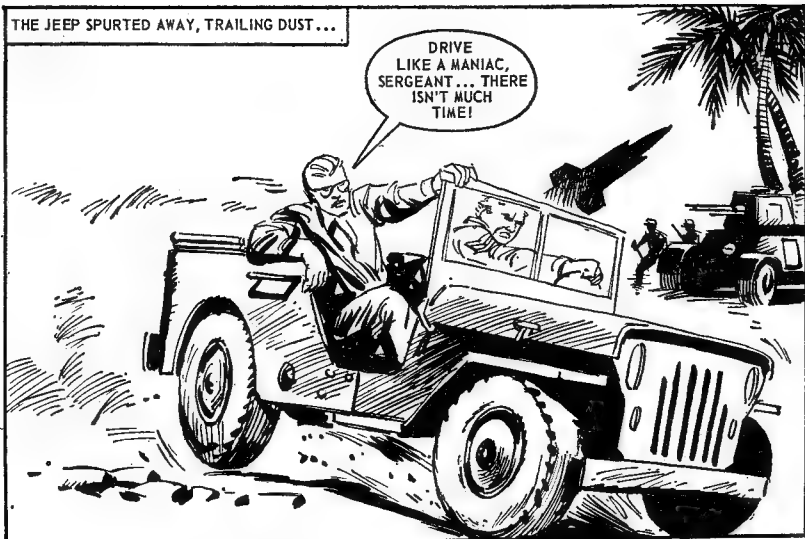
THERE WAS AN UNATTENDED JEEP NOT FIFTEEN YARDS AWAY. STEPHEN MADDEN WAS ALREADY CLIMBING INTO IT...

THUNDER!
THIS IS MORE
LIKE IT...



THE JEEP SPURTED AWAY, TRAILING DUST...

DRIVE
LIKE A MANIAC,
SERGEANT... THERE
ISN'T MUCH
TIME!




THE TURRET OF AN ARMoured CAR SWUNG ROUND
TOWARDS THE SPEEDING JEEP... ITS GUN BARKED...

THE
ENGLISHMEN
ARE TRYING
TO ESCAPE.
FIRE!




BUT SERGEANT SABRE HAD ANTICIPATED THE SHOT...

CLOSE...
BUT NOT CLOSE
ENOUGH!



AN URGENT CALL WENT OUT OVER THE ARMoured CAR'S RADIO... TO THE STAFF AT THE FIRING POINT...

THE ENGLISH
SERGEANT, EXCELLENCY...
HE HAS CAPTURED
SEÑOR MADDEN AND IS
ESCAPING...



NO MATTER,
THE SCIENTIST HAS
COMPLETED HIS TASK. IT IS
TIME TO FIRE THE
ROCKETS...

THERE WAS NOT A THOUGHT IN THE MIND OF GENERAL LUPEZ FOR THE INNOCENT CITIZENS OF SOBANA, JALON AND MYRILAS, UPON WHOM HE WAS ABOUT TO UNLEASH A TERRIBLE DEATH...



LOOKING BACK FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, SERGEANT SABRE SAW THE ROCKET SITE DISSOLVE IN A HIDEOUS BLOTCH OF WHITE HEAT...



WHERE THE ROCKET SITE HAD STOOD, THE TERRIFYING FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION WAS SPREADING SKYWARD IN THE FAMILIAR MUSHROOM CLOUD.

STEPHEN MADDEN STARED FIXEDLY AHEAD. HE HAD NOT LIKED WHAT HE HAD HAD TO DO...

I WIRED THE MISSILES SO THAT THEY WOULD EXPLODE AT THE MOMENT OF FIRING! THAT POWER-MAD GENERAL WOULD HAVE KILLED THOUSANDS. DID YOU REALLY THINK I COULD LET HIM DO THAT, SERGEANT?

I'M SORRY, SIR... I DIDN'T THINK...



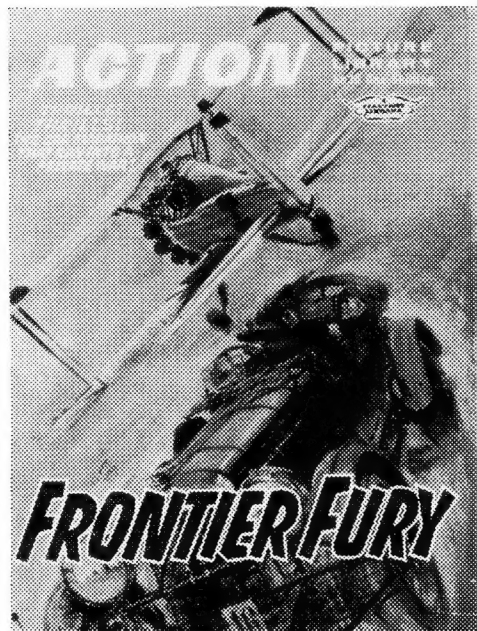
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Tough...Dramatic...

ACTION

PICTURE LIBRARY

ALSO ON SALE NOW



No. 10

FRONTIER FURY

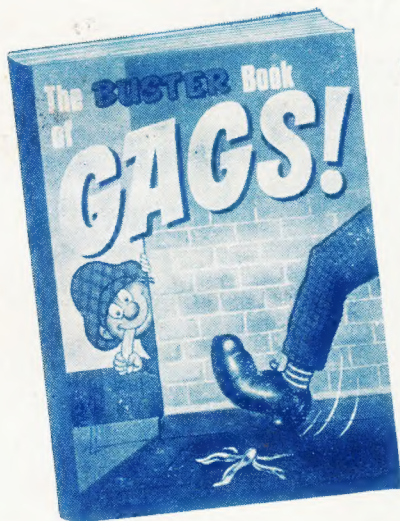
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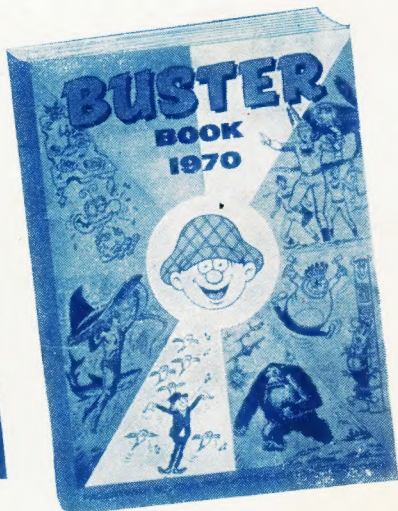
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